The second part. To the same tune.

HEr Bayes now growne to two yeeres old,
Did from their Mother run
To gather eares of Barly Corne,
as they before had done.
But marke what heavy chance befell
Unto these pretty Elues,
They happened into lands of Wheat,
wherein they lost themselues.
Woe, &c.

And thinking to returne againe,
They wandred further still,
Far from their Mothers hearing quite,
full sore against her will.
Who sought them all the fields about,
But labouring all in vaine,
For why, her children both were lost,
and could not come againe.
The two sweet Babes when they perceiu'd
The cole blacke night drew on,
And they not to their mothers sight,
for her did make great moane:
But wearied with the dayes great heat,
They sate them downe and cryed,
Untill such time that arme in arme,
these two swéet Infants dyed.
Their Mother after three dayes search,
Resolued had her minde,
That some good honest meaning man
did both her children finde:
And therefore went to take her selfe
A seruice out of hand,
Who chanced with that man to dwell,
which owed this green wheat land.
It fell out so in harvest time,
This woefull widdow then,
Was at the reaping of the Wheat,
with other labouring men.
Where finding of her lineleſſe Babes,
Almost consum'd away,
She wrung her hands and beat her breſt,
but knew not what to say.
The rumor of which woefull chance,
Throughout the City told,
Enforced many a weeping eye,
the same for to behold.
From whence she was conuay'd againe
To Lincolne backe with speed,
To prosecute the Law against
the causer of this deed.
But see the Iudgement of the Lord,
How he in fury great,
Did bring this Wizer to distresse,
though wealthy was his seat.
For when to Lincolne thee was brought,
The Caitiffe he was gone,
Of all his cursed family,
remaining was but one.
For first the house wherein she dwelt,
Did proue vnfortunate,
Which made the Landlord and his friends,
to maruell much thereat.

For tenants foure there dwelt therein,
A twelvemonth and a day,
Yet none of them could thrive at all,
but beggers went away:
Whereat this miserable wretch
Did turne it to a Barne,
And fild it full in harvest time,
with good red wheat and corne.
To keepe it safely from the poore,
Untill there came a yeare,
That famine might oppresse them all,
and make all victuals deare,
But God forgetting not the wrongs,
Ye did the Widow poore,
Sent downe a fire from heaven, which soone
consumed all his store:
By which this wicked wizer man,
Was brought to beggery,
And likewise laid a grieuous scourge
vpon his family:
His wife she prou'd a cursed witch,
And burned for the same,
His daughter now a Strumpet is
at London in defame.
At Leicester at the Sizes last,
Was hang'd his eldest sonne,
For their consenting wickedly
vnto a murder done.
His second sonne was fled away
Unto the enemy,
And prou'd disloyall to his Prince,
and to his owne country.
His youngest sonne had like mishap,
Or worser in my minde,
For he consented to a bitch,
contrary vnto kinde,
For which, the Lord without delay,
Rain'd vengeance on his head,
Who like a sinfull Sodomite
defiled Natures bed:
For there were two great mastiue dogs
That met him in a wood,
And tore his limbs in pieces small,
deuouring vp his blood:
Whereof when as his father heard,
Mad like a desperate man,
Within a channell prou'd himselfe,
that downe the street it ran,
Where as water could scarce suffice,
To drowne a filly mouse:
And thus the ruine pe[r]ceiu'd hath
of him and all his house.
The Widdow thee in time some deale
Of all the goods he left,
In recompence of those swéet Babes
mischance from her vnreft.
Therefore let all hard-hearted men,
By this example take,
That God is iust, and will be true,
for woefull widowes sake.
Woe worth the man, &c.

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